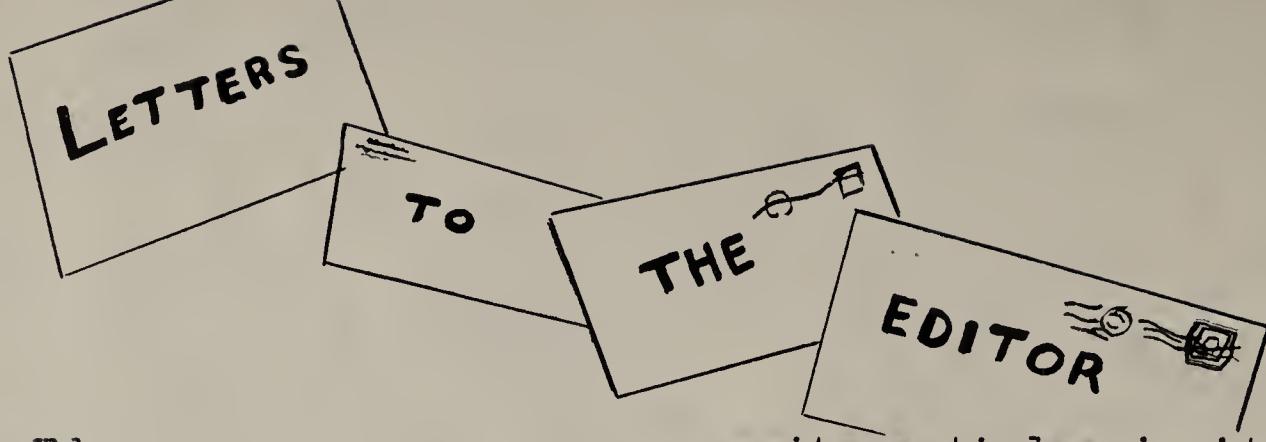


Feb 1964

# PULSE





Dear Ed.;

I have read the first issue of PULSE and like it. I thought that there was a good mixture of the serious and the less serious. The art work showed imagination, and the cartoons were enjoyable.

You, your staff, and contributors are encouraged to keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

write articles in it that are clearly for Xavierites only.

2) What type of paper are you making? Something like the Bee, a newspaper? Something like Etcetera, which the major seminarians print? Or something like the old Bee at Brunnerdale used to be, a combination of the present Bee and Swarm? This latter was intended mainly for the seminarians and secondarily for anyone else.

3) Decide what you want, and then make it without building-in one contradiction after the other.

4) For a first issue, this PULSE is fairly well done. I think the pictures are very outstanding.

5) I believe PULSE has some great possibilities. Show us what you can do.

6) A little side remark: What are your opinions about the level of maturity that

Dear Ed.,

You and/or your writers have asked for remarks on your new paper. Here are a few thoughts.

1) Precisely for whom is this paper intended? Some say it is for those outside Xavier Hall, while others

PULSE Jan.-Feb. 1964 vol. 1 no. 2 cover by bob stanovik

Managing Editor: Joe Boton; Associate Editor: Tom Hemm; Feature Editor: Fred Baumer; Sports Editor: Joe Gerke; Layout Editor: Bill Stock; Art Editor: Tom Raterman; Photography: Bob Stanovik, Jerry Stack; Typist: Mark Miller; Business Manager: Douglas Killoran; Assistant Editors: Steve Gossin, Mark Miller, John Dubay, John Neubauer, Rich Bialczak, Jerry Ivacic, Lowell Hemmelgarn, Bob Avery, Jim Hemmelgarn, Jack Miller, Mike Winkowski, Ralph Verdi, Jim Urbanic, Bill Monaghan, Ron Wiecek, Jim Mescher, Pete Grotzinger; Moderator: Fr. James P. McKay, C.P.P.S.

such a paper should manifest? I think it should be more adult than the Bee; that does not mean remove the humor, of course. Perhaps the PULSE will not only speak of the maturity in Xavier to others but also help set that level of maturity in the seminarians themselves. Good luck!

Brother James

(Thank you for your interest. To answer your questions:

1) PULSE is published by and for the students of Xavier Hall.

2) PULSE contains both newsworthy and literary articles and is devoted neither to one type of article nor the other. In publishing PULSE we have taken what is called the "macroscopic" approach. In other words, PULSE is supposed to have some--at least one--article that appeals to the taste of every reader.

3) What contradictions?

4) Publications don't set

levels of maturity, norms, values, or anything else. They do, however, mirror or reflect these elements as already existing in the particular environments from which the publications originate. If some readers think that the reflection indicates immaturity, all I can say is that I disagree with what they say, but I will defend to the death their right to say it.

Now I have a question. Why do you keep comparing the PULSE to the Bee? Ed.)

Dear Ed.,

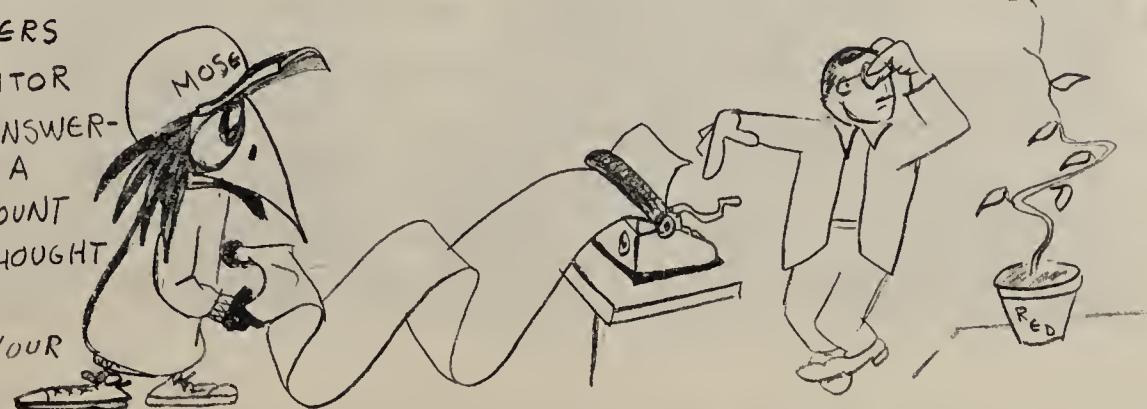
No one has ever explained to me the duties and functions of the student council. Could you have a short article in your next issue stating its purposes and obligations?

Thank you,  
G.F.

(Yes, we could, and I'm sure the Student Prince will be happy to write it.

Ed.)

ALL LETTERS  
TO THE EDITOR  
WILL BE ANSWERED  
WITH A GREAT AMOUNT  
OF FORETHOUGHT  
AIMED TO CLARIFY YOUR  
LETTER.





CURRENT

COMMENT

by

Jim Rettig

John F. Kennedy is dead, but his image will live on in the minds and hearts of men of all nations to which he has endeared himself. To honor the well-known dead is a fitting tribute of our respect, but how far should we carry our respect? Are the numerous hospitals, libraries, schools, plazas, bridges, stadiums, expressways, freeways, highways, byways, and the like named in his memory to honor his name or are they drawing upon his name to glorify themselves?

A single tribute is a shining glory to one's name. What fame would Miss Liberty have if there were a Miss Liberty in every port? Would visitors gaze with awe upon Niagara Falls if every river in every state ended in a Niagara Falls? There can only be one Paris, one Rome. Yet we find that there no longer is an Idlewild in New York. Even in Lebanon Georges Clemenceau Street is no more, and on the outskirts of Paris, La Rue Jeanne d'Arc lost its name.

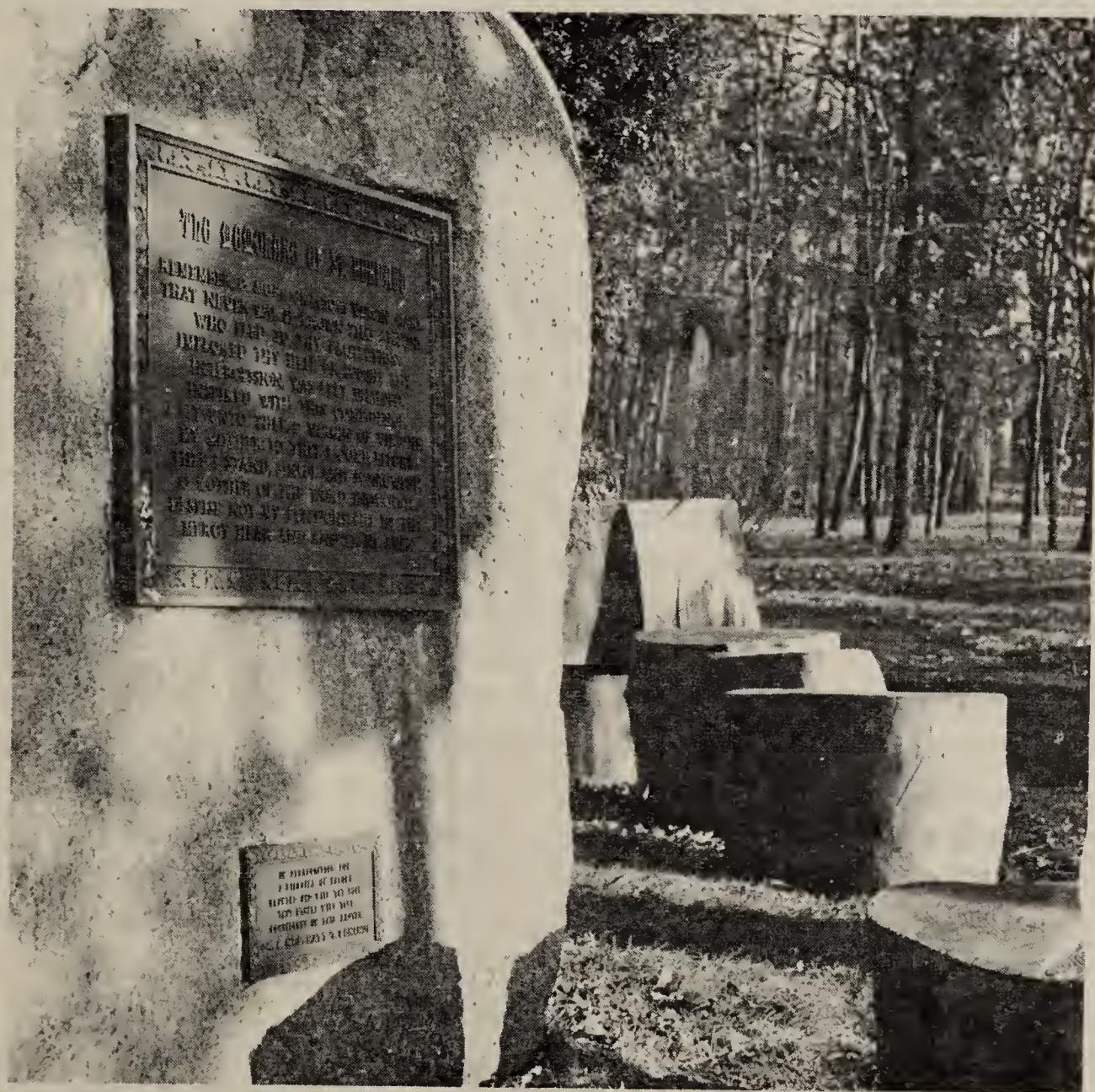
The people of Cape Kennedy do not like the new name of their town. They were not consulted during the change, and are petitioning for a reversal. Besides, Cape Canaveral has a reputation of its own. Equally famous are Cape Canaveral shrimp--must the name be changed? Will Cape Cod National Seashore Park lose its name? Will West Virginia change its name? Will we have a Land of Kennedy? Will your city change its name to Kennedy? Why not change your own name to Kennedy?

Is there magic in the name Kennedy? Do you apply it to a product for instant success, or do you tag it to a highway or a building or a location for immediate recognition? Proof of the exploitation of the Kennedy name can be seen in any store across the U.S. Kennedy memorial records with his picture slapped on the front can be seen on sale everywhere. Keychains, drinking glasses, and playing cards have his profile. His portrait and one of his oft-quoted phrases sell as a wall plate or memorial plaque. Dealers are playing on people's grief and love for him and the dealers are cashing in.

How far must we go before we have too much of a good thing? It is surely good to remember his spirit, but too much of anything leads to sickness. Let's not let our country become sick, because this above all things would displease him.

Some men called him too radical,  
But all he did was sound Abe's call  
That asked us all to do what's right  
To each and all, both Black and White.  
"Think not of self," was what he cried;  
Because of this I think he died.  
In him Thy light on earth did shine,  
And men did see Your love divine.  
His country J.F.K. did love;  
Lord, take his soul to Thee above.

Richard W. Bialczak



# UNDER THE BRIDGE

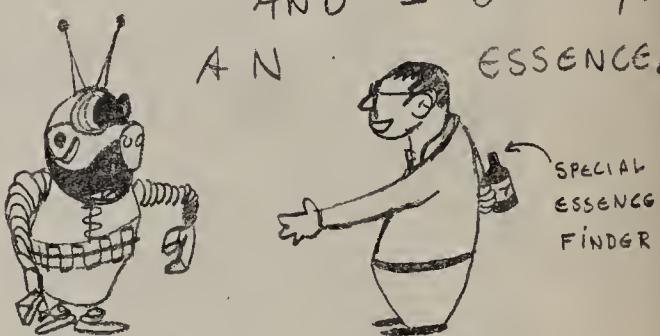


This column is dedicated to the amusing ones, without whom this life would be most dull.

Since Vol. 1, #1 hit "Biwi" Stock's press, a few holes have developed in our net - three to be exact. With such apertures some of the amusing incidents might have slipped through; but I'm sure there is still more than enough to satisfy our readers. The biggest hole was Christmas vacation, the others were semester exams and retreat. Those 18 days of planned dissipation that, thanks to our parents, etc., never materialized (sweat!) were hard to follow up. But those 18 days weren't really as safe as they seem. Our return to Xavier heralded the proximity of semester exams. When exams were out of the way and we all achieved a 4.00 index, we all settled back to enjoy the "easy" life provided by the seminary curriculum and retreat. Retreat was probably the hardest to follow up, and once retreat had started I didn't hear one single complaint. Of course retreat has one bad angle for me. With everyone reformed, this column might go out of existence (much to the relief of the editors and typists who try to read my copy). So now for the

interesting trash...I have a note here about our editor. It goes, "Jet has been making a thorough inspection of the locker rows, clubroom, study-halls, dorms, classrooms, etc. reportedly looking for "essences and beings" - too much philosophy...Speaking of philosophy, Mr. Wood (St. Joe philosophy prof) has derived an image of the average American - white, red-headed, 6' 8", and 120 lbs. - if anyone knows the whereabouts of such a creature, please let me know...Recently we registered for second semester classes. George "S.P. (for Student Prince)" Kohlrieser has signed up for "Adolescent Psychology." I think George

HELLO, I'M JOE BOTON  
AND I BET YOU'RE  
AN ESSENCE.



is looking for a new way to get through to the Xavier meatheads... Paul "Grizzelle" Reid has filled me in on the details of Father Druhman's grading system: A, you must be from Cincinnati; B,C,D, if you're from the U.S.; but "Grizzelle" tells me if you are from some God forsaken place like Jamaica, you had better work. I rather doubt that, Paul... Harry "Ivan" Iwankovitsch is really behind the 8-ball. On his desk in study hall sits a "magic" 8-

ball. John "Flash" Freas consults it faithfully before every test. Unfortunately the 8-ball doesn't ever give the advice "GET MOVING AND YOU MIGHT MAKE IT ON TIME."...Tom "Rat" Raterman came up with two gems in one Latin Composition class. The first was on the condition of Tom "Elmer" Post's newly shorn pate - "He wanted a 'bald point'." The other came about this way - Father Kuhns: "Cresco, not Crisco, means to lengthen." Raterman: "Father, does Cresco mean to shorten."...Turning away from studies, we find that Ralph "Sigh" Verdi had decided to take the world by storm. He is most confident his song "I'm From the Bronx and I Ought To Know" will sell a million copies the very first day... I have another note here about "Sigh". It says, "While on vacation "Sigh" took in the Broadway play "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum". As a result, he has foreshadowed Broadway. Don "Ween" McLean and "Grizzelle" Reid saw the same play and are clamoring for more... Since when does olive oil come from tomatoes? Steve "Cary" Gossin told this to the catechism class in McCartyville. We

#### AMERICAN HISTORY - THE STAMP ACT 1765



have this on the authority of Diana Baumer... Lowell "the Bowell" Hemmelgarn is plenty sore about losing 50¢ to Bob "Mex" Avery over the St. Henry - Parkway basketball game. "Bowell" claims St. Henry was robbed; "Mex" says they were lucky to come so close - Parkway 65 - St. Henry 64. How is "Bowell" paying off the debt? A penny a day...

AMERICAN HISTORY SERIES - TREACHERY OF B. ARNOLD,  
- ENGLISH Major Howe hides PLAN IN boot - 1780 - AND HOW  
HOWE IS CAPTURED -



What's this note, I don't recall seeing it before. It says that "Bowell" made a comment when he was working in the book bindery recently. He said he ought to be a woman to do that kind of work. This note says that Jim "Admiral" Gettig and Mike "Minnie" Eyerman are starting to spread rumors about each other. I would quote one, but the publisher (Father McKay) would say it's unprintable... Rich "GOF, Pudgie" Bialczak thinks that the song "Barry me on the Lone Prairie" will be a hit in '65 after Goldwater is elected. I think "Pudgie's" new GOP leanings can be traced to his new conservative ways brought about by his rapidly increasing waistline... That note on "Pudgie" reminds me that the Xavier's Fat Man Club recently held elections. Each of

the five returning members was elected to an office. Yours truly was elected President; Mike "Winnie" Winkowski was a shoo-in for V-P; "Jet" Boton got the secretary's chair, Jerry "Mack" Iracie holds the purse strings; and Jerry "Herman" Hartke maintains order. With the officers elected the following have been given membership (which is compulsory, by the way): "Pudgie" Bialczak; "Elmer" Post, "S. P." Kohlrieser, "Quack" Knueve, "Sui" Gerke, "Newbarrel" Newbauer, "Slop" (derived from his membership in the Plumber - Farmer Union, incorporated with the Peon - Peasants Union) Stack, and "Bimo" Monaghan. It was announced that initiation will soon be held...The "Fighting Irish" of the Xavier bowling league are trying to get "Mex" Avery's 12 year old sister, Mary Sue, to join their team. If they succeed, they'll drop "Mex". "The best bowler gets the job," is their motto... The scene: two men on a street corner. "Did you see that car whiz by?" "Yeah, but don't ask me what it was. It

was speedy." Chances are it was Fr. O'Dell in his Digger Special, a car so fast it never seems to leave its garage on Father's bookcase. That Bob "Beak" Ricketts has a cow horn is bad enough, but do you have to blow it so loud?...Some strange sights have been seen lately - one is Linus "Lini" Evers running around study hall in his cassock and no shoes; another is Bill "Biwi" Stock sitting in the clubroom in his longjohns reading Perry Mason and smoking incense... Before I leave you for this month, I'd like you to see what I think to be a really quotable quote: "Whether we weather the weather or whether we wither in the weather depends on whether we are wont to wither or to weather the weather." Extracted from an edict by Father McKay, Dec. 8, 1963... And with that quotable quote I leave you with these words of wisdom: "Watch what you let pass UNDER THE BRIDGE!"

After the "X's" Christmas Party - the "CLEAN-UP" Gang takes over



# The Great Cadaver Search



On the night of January 28, it was mused about the hall that there was a human cadaver in one of the old empty Administration Building rooms. It belonged to the biology department but was being kept on the deserted 2nd floor Ad Building for privacy because of the curious secular students.

This statement of Robert Stanovik and Jack Miller backed up by Jim Urbanic and Fred Baumer quickly caused much stir among the now quickly instituted "Xavier Hall Biological Study Group for Cadavers". The members didn't know they belonged but their actions most assuredly confirmed it. And so a number of seminarians organized little bands of interested "biologists" (To be a biologist you must have completed at least one semester of lower level biology, or say you did.) and set out on the great cadaver search.

The first group set off guided by "Doctor" Doug Killoran armed with only 25 feet of electrical extension cord, 2 light bulbs, and 2 flashlights. They began the search in the dark corridors and rooms of the ancient edifice for a cadaver that wanted privacy.

The second group, consisting of Louie Recker and Mike Winkowski, set out. This group, not being as well equipped and versed in cadaver hunting as the first one, proceeded to "sniff" the corridors and rooms to find the body. Louie had shouted several times that he had found the room, but he was fooled by old piles of discarded rubbish.

Several more groups now trudged the hallways.

A Brother L. came up to see what all the noise was about

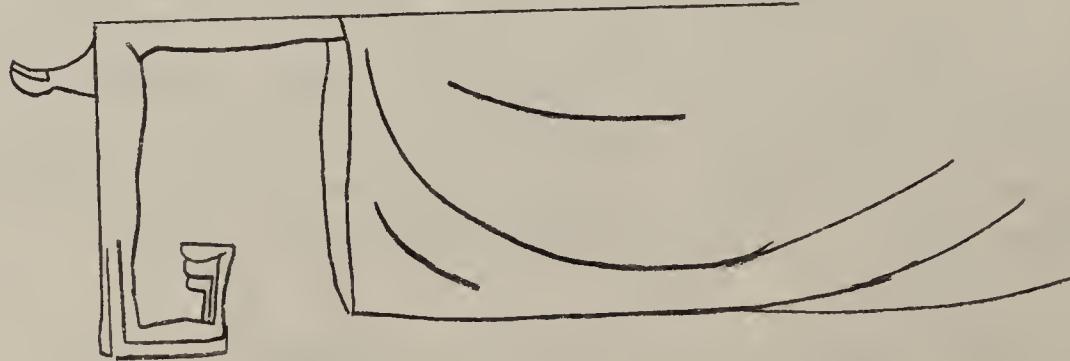
and upon seeing a full scale search on inquired into its purpose. Since Brother lacked the necessary "scientific equipment" for hunting cadavera, he joined the sniffers and with them discovered a great rubbish pile. He finally desisted from his efforts saying that there were too many dead mice around to make a sniffing campaign successful. After Louie had scoured the second floor by nose and hand, Winnie and he departed for the third floor. Louie in his concentrated search was oblivious of his dangerous surroundings --Winnie wasn't though, and said, "It's too dark up here and I'm scared, and when I'm afraid, I trample people." The statement carried much weight with Louie since Winnie belongs to the "200 lbs. and over Club", so they desisted.

Dr. Doug also desisted, going back to the hall for more information from the instigators of the unknown hoax. He wouldn't find them though because Jack Miller was lying on the floor in one of the dark rooms waiting for his "partner" Bob Stanovik to come along with his search party. These searchers had been organized at Xavier Hall and even now as they approached the "cadaver room" they were all loudly propounding various scientific reasons for exploration.

After having searched a number of wrong rooms they came upon the secretly pre-arranged cadaver room. When they opened the door the moonlight disclosed a body on the floor--all stopped abruptly. Jerry Steinrunner went up for a closer look. Then Jack "Cadaver" Miller jumped off the floor at him. Jerry jumped off campus, and the searchers jumped out of the room.

And now when you mention cadavera there are a lot of, no longer pale but rather, pained facial expressions lest one is recognized as a "searcher", "sniffer", or "surveyor" who was involved in the great cadaver search.

By Anthony P. Glumpfitt





Twas the night after exams and all was quiet. The last seminarians had finally retired from television revelries and general celebration - all except me, that is. I was sitting alone in the Rec. Room - my flashlight hideously shadowing the scrawling hieroglyphics steadily but surely marching not too orderly across a slightly smudged battle area. Of necessity, my term paper was requested by the fearless leader the following day. That prof possessed more gall than Caesar and his troops ever managed to summon together.

Finishing my third cigarette...of the fourth pack, I slowly ground it to shreds in the nearest over-peopled ash tray, so well crushed that the filter resembled the latest in webbed feet. Suddenly: "1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,SIGH!"

"Huh?"

"1,2,3,4, etc. SIGH!" The sound came from the ash tray. I took off my glasses, swallowed, and cleared my head.

"Sir, would you mind desperately moving the upper crust of this crowded interior into a less densely populated receptacle?" came the voice again interrupting my mental process. (I dumped the butts into the nearest trash can.) "Thank you, I nearly suffocated."

"You can talk?"

"Well, hasn't your mental process deduced that I am the end table ventriloquizing, thus making you ascertain I am that lovely ash tray?"

"Ulp!"

"Certainly, I can talk, and my sensory perception is becoming desperately tired of receiving the ends of your human pleasures. But then, we must all accept the butts in our societies...Hmmm?...the only reason you haven't heard from us before is because we usually don't converse with such beings of yours..."

"Us?"

"Yes, I have been delegated by the USA (United Smudge Acceptors) to congratulate you and your friends for their fine show of intellectualism during this past week...we have never been so "juvenated", if I may, heh, heh, coin an expression, over your new and vital interests in things outside of your normal range of conversation topics. Oh, by the way, I am grateful for the relocation of my inhabitants; I've never anticipated that I would one day arrive so near to becoming a welfare case for overpopulated quarters."

"Ulp!"

"Where was I? Oh, there were 26 of you young men today who extinguished, or tried to, those smelly weeds in here and I've carefully compiled and remembered everything that they said at the time. Listen...I'm so thrilled I can hardly tell you..."

'Do you think the limitations on countercyclical compensatory policy are effective instruments in the hands of government?'

'Define definition...I just know he'll ask that.'

'adloquor, ere, loqui, ad...'

'Existentially, fear has ceased to exist in modern society.'

'No, the difference between the social contract theories of Locke, Hobbes, and Rousseau are definitely these...'

'Agamemnon did not have a beard!'

'It's over two, I say; the formula for the volume reads:

$$V = a \int_0^{2r} \sqrt{2rx-x^2} dx = \frac{\pi r^2 a}{2}$$

'All men are rational... women are not men...therefore women...is that a sound syllogism?...'"

"Hold it, you remember all that?"

"Of course, we're so happy that you have finally...wait a minute, why are you laughing?"

"You know, you actually remember it longer than we do...we forget all that stuff two minutes after we get out of the classroom." Sorry, old boy, but you are back to listening to the same old things ... profs, sports, profs, free days, and puns on the profs. "That reminds me of that one that Jeff mentioned...now how did it go?..." Musing, I smashed another butt...

"1,2,3,4,5,..."

*Fred Baumer*

# REFUNDS SANTA

In department stores all over the nation the month following Christmas was devoted to the returning of gifts. In the last issue of PULSE we found some letters asking Santa C. for some very special gifts. Right after Christmas we came across some more letters to Santa written by some Xavierites who want to return some of their Christmas presents. -Ed.)

Dear Santa:

I should like to return the Navy football team---although I don't know who'd want it---and my New Year resolution to give up smoking.

Admiral Gettig

Dear Ex-Friend:

The only thing I received which I'd like to return is my report card.

Fats

Dear Santa:

I would like to return the nice gold watch I received from Fr. Wellman. It stops running at the beginning of every work period.

Urbie

Neer Shanta:

Although I shaw losh of Chicago's shouthshide during vacation, I could really do without the roadmaps you put in my shot, er, in my stocking.

Wild Jet Hiccup

Dear Santa:

I would like to return that little bell that is on my table in the cafeteria. Fr. McKay says I'm too old to be playing with it.

Fr. O'Dell

Oh Sancta Vacca:

I'd like to give back my appendicitis attack. It's interfering with my limbo career.

Fish

Dear Sir:

I would like to return my "Shoes". And you don't really think I'm going to keep that Barry Goldwater doll, do you?

Pudgie Rich

Greetings:

I would like to return our pet dog "Elmer" because he eats too many hamburgers.

T.P.

# NEWS

## Notes



According to the custom of our Society, set by the example of our founder Saint Gaspar, eight potential priests in the Society of the Precious Blood will be invested with the cassock on Sunday, Feb. 16, in Saint Joseph's College Chapel. The ceremony will take place after the 10:45 a.m. High Mass, and will be conducted by our Provincial, Very Reverend John E. Byrne, C.PP.S.

The seven candidates are: Tom Boyle (Wisconsin), James Gettig (Ohio), John Miller (Ohio), Tim O'Hearn (Michigan) Ed Robbins (Kentucky), James Urbanic (Ohio), and Mike Zimmerle (Ohio).

The cassock, a symbol of detachment from the world, is granted to those who enter Xavier after their high school education and complete six months of seminary life. BM

### POOL-PINGPONG TOURNAMENT

The "X" sponsored a pool and ping-pong tournament last December, and in order to provide a little more incentive, a cash prize of five dollars was given to the winner of each event.

The first rounds of ping-pong, each consisting of three games, and a single elimination were played in early December. Finally, after many "smears", forfeits, and close rivalries, there remained only the finalists, Bob Stanovik and Don McLean. The match was set for Dec. 19. With the completion of five very close sets, Bob Stanovik emerged the winner because of the extra charge he received from the three Hershey bars he consumed.

Although the pool tournament didn't arouse as much excitement, it also had its close games. Some loser probably would have been the champ had it not been for the unfavorableness of the eight ball. However, Tom Boyle and Guy Goubeaux survived all such tragedies and met in the final just before Christmas vacation. Goubeaux, the former Brunnerdale Champ, retained his title and pocketed the winnings. JS

### SKATING PARTY

A huge bonfire on shore, and half a dozen cans of gasoline on the ice, furnished all the light for a Xavier

skating party held on Saturday evening, Jan. 11. The skating took place at the gravel pits, which were solidly if not perfectly frozen over. The weather was perfect for skating, cold, and crisp, and the wind could have blown anyone across the width of the pits with ease.

After an hour of skating, food was brought down to the pits. There over the bonfire hot dogs and marshmallows were roasted on makeshift sticks. Hot chocolate was served with the food. Then, as the weather turned colder, everyone piled into cars and trucks and returned to Xavier for a good night's rest. LH



On the evening before each of us departed for the anxiously awaited holiday vacation, we joyously celebrated the Christmas season with a fun-filled party down in "Ye Old X."

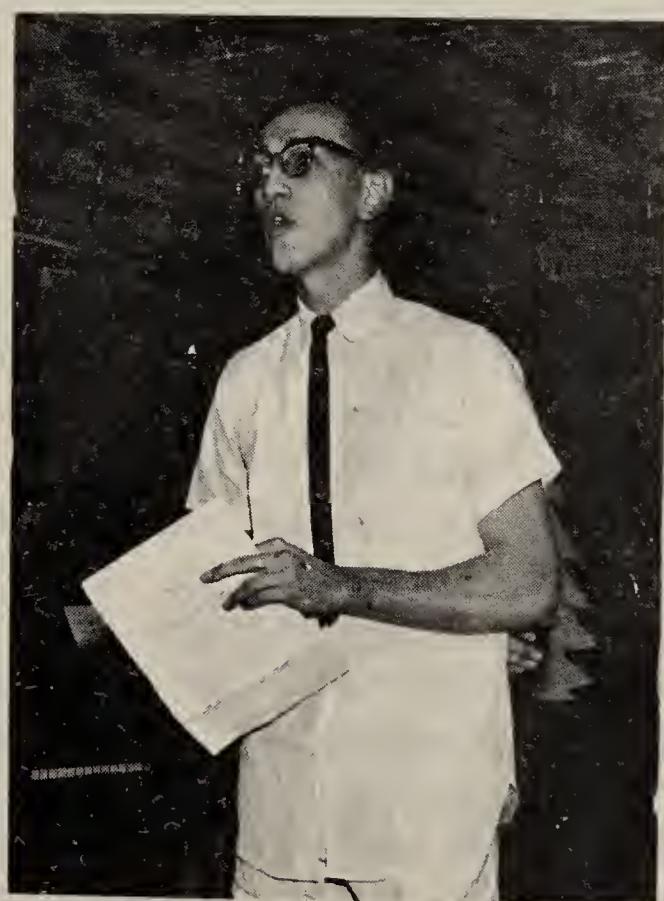
Clever skits ranging from tragic sequential scenes of Melville's Moby Dick to most interesting and unusual guests from Garry Moore's "I've got a Secret" were presented.

As the evening progressed Santa Claus "Fats" arrived

and delivered valuably wrapped packages containing used toothbrushes, bright red socks, empty ink bottles, etc. to every individual. Not even the priests were free from the humorous satire found in almost every act.

Following the scheduled activities, a mountain of iced cookies were washed down with sparkling egg nog. Christmas carols rang through the air as the crowd slowly dispersed and returned to Xavier, completed their packing, and crawled between the covers "while visions of sugar plums danced in their heads."

Thanks go to the entertainment committee of Steve Gossin, Tom Hemm, Bill Monaghan, Jim Fisher, and headed by Fred Baumer. JM



"My mother said I'd forget something..."



## RETREAT

At the end of a long week of exams, retreat was very welcome at Xavier Hall. Father Raymond Fussner, the retreat master, was a very great help toward making the three days successful. Father Fussner is presently rector at the Jesuit novitiate and juniorate at Milford, Ohio. Father William O'Neill, the Director of Seminarians at St. Charles Seminary, was originally assigned to give the retreat but was unable to because of sickness.

TH

The annual Fr. Rapp oratory contest was held in the college auditorium on Jan. 9. Everyone in the sixteen different speech classes was eligible for the contest. Each class selected its best speaker prior to Christmas vacation and immediately afterward the semi-final eliminations were conducted.

The seminarians made a tremendous show. From each of the four speech classes in which seminarians were present during the semester, the representative was a seminarian. They were Thomas Raterman, Bruce Sheipline, Louis Recker, and James Urbanic. Tom and Bruce were chosen as two of the seven finalists. Though Louis and Jim did not qualify, their talks proved interesting. Louis spoke on the apathy to the law and the failure in upholding it in modern society, contending that such attitudes prove as wicked as disobedience itself. Jim's unique form of presentation satirized Communism and its principles.

Tom and Bruce spoke on common problems of today. Bruce's delivery of the case against artificial birth control almost got him third place. Forcibly, Tom denounced pornographic literature and supplied examples obtained from down town Rensselaer. His ability and determination of principle secured for him the first place trophy.

DK

# T. RATERMAN'S ORATORY CONTEST

## SPEECH TEXT



I'm going to speak on a problem which is worldwide--but not communism; which is national--and not civil rights; and which is statewide--and not taxes.

I'm going to speak about smut, the cheap, filthy snake that feeds on the perversion of adults, the passion of adolescents, and the curiosity of children.

Pornography or smut is not new to the world; in fact it goes as far back as Babylon. But it is today the worst it has ever been, for words and drawings no longer carry the full burden, but are aided by photographs, color slides, and even movies! Pornography itself is an elusive term, which has been made to shrink and stretch depending upon a court decision. It is a term which changes with generations. But this much is sure -- total exposure of a naked body involved in something unnatural is SMUT. And this much is definite--a book written entirely about sexual misconduct, which is described in very lucid terms, is also SMUT!

True, there are great paintings of nudes and some very artful photographs of the same--but do you call this art? -- the smut peddlers do!

True, there is great literature with parts about sexual misconduct in it, but do these titles sound like good literature? There is only one type of people who say they do. They are the perverts who buy it, for they need a salve for a wounded conscience.

Truly, there are great movies of moral degradation such as La Dolce Vita, but do you call movies of bestial sex act great? The people who make the smut do! For it reaps for them adults' money, adolescents' money, and even little children's money.

"The people who buy and keep this pornography," says D.H. Lawrence, "have the gray disease of sex-hatred, coupled with the yellow disease of dirt-lust; to them sex is dirt, and dirt is sex."

But these movies and pictures are of the type that are bought secretly. They are not openly displayed in stores such as THIS magazine (he holds up a copy of Ace Magazine) which is sold in the Rensselaer newsstand. If they are in the drug store at all they are under the counters. This does NOT say that there is no smut in these stores. There is still the sordid paperback and the smutty magazine. These "on the rack" publications feature filthy stories about il-

licit sex acts in very precise phrasing. These magazines write about perverted and illicit sex as if it were the common practice, and those who continually read this type of publication are gradually molded into the type of morality displayed by these magazines. And where this type of new morality takes over, there is no room for the old fashioned kind that has such outdated practices as chastity, virginity, and temperance.

Can America depend on its youth who read this trash? Trash that preaches and instructs that the only virtue is the animal gratification of one's own lust. Ask John Profumo if country comes before self.

These magazines contain in them advertisements which lead directly to pictures so ugly and depraved that they defy definition. One of these advertisements from this Rensselaer magazine reads thus:

"12 buxom beauties posed to please every angle,  
every position shown. Only \$1.00."

The first set isn't so bad--but the following ones get progressively worse until the purchaser becomes tired of these and buys movies which do anything and everything ever thought of by man to abuse sex relationship. And after he has had his fill of these, there is only one thing remaining for him. He will go out and he will DO what he has so diligently studied. And so the basest insults to the human body have completely destroyed his soul, and will destroy the body.

This is what the Philadelphia courts summed up on the problem of pornography:

"Our correctional institutes are jammed with the many who were prey to pornography... Many may never have freedom, others may never recover their physical or mental health. It is an insidious threat to moral, mental, and physical health. It debases the true meaning and function of sex, it leads to excessive eroticism, morbid preoccupation with sex, and it entices to immoral and anti-social activity."

And how could it not be anti-social? The family is the base of society, and the function which makes the family is under a continual muck barrage by these magazines.

The FRUIT of pornography is total debasement--the TREE is the smutty picture and movie--the SEED is the cheap magazine sold in Rensselaer. And as one who spoke with authority said almost two thousand years ago, "A bad tree bears bad fruit and is good for nothing but to be cut down and thrown into the fire."

"But  
do  
you  
call  
THIS  
art?..."



The Indianapolis Police Department made a list of smut magazines which lead directly to sex-dirt. Among the many mentioned, these are of special interest--Sir, Gent, Male, Ace, Scamp, Dude, Nugget and a few more. These are of special interest to us for these are sold in Rensselaer. And where do you think they find their biggest market? You know, and so does God! Every time one of these smut books is bought, a 60¢ wager has been placed with the devil on a soul. And hell usually collects.

Is it right that this smut should be found on a Catholic campus? The College might start an all out campaign against this smut, but neither law nor moral condemnation, nor indeed voluntary community action based on outraged sensibilities will have any more than temporary effect on this smut. Unless the moral climate itself is changed, and the community itself ceases to create the need for an evil which it professes to despise.

To change that climate we have first to make people aware of the danger, then not only condemn it privately, but also openly. And after we have done so, let us start up the ladder of good and decent literature. We can condemn the sin of bad sex by telephoning the problem and our views to WRIN. But the real battle will be fought in the privacy of the minds of those involved. Yet we should help them by removing the near occasion of sin which is the trash sold in Rensselaer before they are again stung by a barb forged in Hell.

## INTERVIEW

### Fr. Robbins

"Yes, I think nine hours of Fr. Kuhns would be best." This sentence has left another seminarian become even more disgruntled as he leaves the office of the Registrar, Father Charles J. Robbins, C.PP.S.

Being Registrar for the entire college, Father must individually handle the schedules of all the students including the seminarians. The obligation for lay students to fulfill their graduation requirements is left up to them; but Father arranges the schedule so that the classes are evenly balanced and sees that a student does not take too few hours or too many.

Father is also director of Community Education, that is, he personally registers all seminarians and brothers taking courses and outlines the courses they should find most useful. Supplementing certain pre-requisites, plus Latin and Greek, the seminarian does not have too many electives.

But to the Religious Community, Father Robbins has a most important job, that of Religious Superior. His appointment coming in summer from the Provincial is for three years, with an option, by the Provincial, for an additional term of three years. Although not a time consuming job, Father said it is an important job..."because it is concerned with the religious life of priests; mainly since priests form a major part of the faculty, the religious life is a vital element, it is the success or failure of St. Joseph's as an institution of higher learning."

Father Robbins has come well-prepared for his new job, receiving his M.A. in Classical Languages from Catholic University in 1945 and having spent over twenty years on the St. Joseph's Faculty.

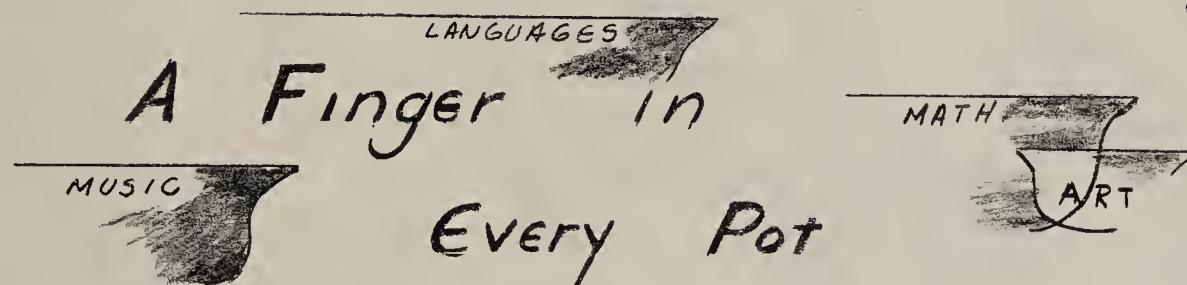
Father has brought with him changes which will effect the daily lives of the religious of the community. Seminarians feel it in the changing of the Sunday High Mass at 10:45. Father felt a better job of singing the Mass could be done at this hour and that the college had need of a Mass at

which both religious and lay students could attend. Father has also instituted the recitation of the Little Office for the Precious Blood during the Saturday conference of Silent Sunday. Other changes include a different priest assigned to preach the sermon at the Sunday Masses, having two times at which priests may say their evening prayers, the singing of Vespers on Sunday, and the community supper on major feasts of the year.

When asked if expected the appointment Father said that he had, seeing that he was Vice-Superior (of the community that is) for over a year. Father stated plainly that the job does "not involve a lot of paperwork, but does require the knowledge necessary to check the religious attitude of the college community and to keep it running at a maximum efficiency."

With the coming of 1964, Father Robbins celebrates his Silver Anniversary as a priest in the service of the Precious Blood.

Jim Urbanic



Noticing 59 black images slowly materialize from the chapel or refectory, a stranger might think that seminarians are merely stereotyped figures. Yet were he to examine the personalities beneath the robes, his conclusions would be altogether heterogeneous. A major area of difference is the academic field. Were our stranger to glance over class registration slips, he would immediately notice a pre-Theology major listed for all...yet the variety of elective courses would astound him.

Following is a summary of just some of the courses taken by seminarians this semester, outside of Latin, Greek, Humanities, and Religion. The categories are broad, as for example the field of English may cover everything from grammar to Shakespeare; yet the variety may be seen. The number after each course approximates the number of Xavierites in that field.

Art	3	English	26	Logic	14	Poli. Sci.	5
Biology	4	French	13	Math.	18	Sociology	7
Calculus	1	German	8	Music	6	Spanish	4
Economics	21	History	15	Philosophy	4	Speech	9
Education	1	Journalism	1	Physics	2		FB

# SPORTS

The Xavier Hall basketball team finished the regular season with a seven and one record. In the eight games played, our team held opponents to less than 200 points--which is pretty good defense. The score of the one loss was 73-48; the rest of the games were from five to twenty-five point wins.

John Srode, Tim O'Hearn, and Tom Boyle are the big men responsible for most of the rebounds and many of the points. Mark Miller also helps on the scoring card. However, the whole team is in on effecting the wins.

During the semester break the team has been practicing for the big double elimination tournament coming up in the beginning of February. Many of the team members are suffering from sore feet, but there is time to heal the wounds. Good luck team.

PREVIEWS OF Joseph Gerke  
A NEW HORROR FILM:



CRAZED MONSTERS BECAUSE THE  
"TV" WENT Bad.-

Are you first string? Some-time when you have a few minutes, just walk into the recreation room or into the "X" and see how many of the regulators (D.A.'s) are parked on couches. Some are sprawled full length sleeping their lives away, or reclining in a very comfortable position to spend the rest of free period conveniently.

Right after study hall or a community exercise you can see the same guys heading for the softest seats, followed by the second string who fight to get the next softest seats. Many of them live off the exercise they get from going to and from the sofa. You'd think they were on some kind of varsity team--they spend most of their time practicing.

Admittedly, the winter sea-son is kind of slow and there isn't much to do; but when there is something to do, it seems that we all ought to jump at the chance. Joining in a game of ping-pong or pool, or going skating or hiking wouldn't harm any of us too much. The ones who do join in are still alive and seem none the worse for their experience.

Joseph Gerke



